

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A Wishing Game.

By Martha McCullough Williams.
(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"LET'S play 'wish on.' It's the only way we'll ever get things," Joe said, trying to speak lightly, but failing rather pitifully. Leslie smiled softly. "You first," she said. "I have to be shown, you know. Wish me—what you will." "Oh! First an Easter bonnet, with overlying feather on it," Joe half-laughed, adding with a grimace, "Might as well wish you a crown."

"Got all the crown I pine for—a party's," Leslie retorted. Then, with a little laugh: "Joe, you were made for grandeur. I wish on you a Paris rock—the last word of fashion—and all that goes with it: a motor car, of course, a husband to provide it."

"You generous person!" Joe cried, standing on one foot and swinging the other. For a moment she was a figure of joy, all worries forgotten in the picture of her imaginary self. "Only please wish the right husband. I couldn't bare him if he was bald or had a face that sat propped on a double chin."

"I must say you're over nice. Never look a gift-husband in the mouth," Leslie flung back.

"They thought themselves alone in their aunt's house—a big house, beautifully furnished, with all save love. She gave it's shelter rather grudgingly to those children of her sister and her brother. They were closer in heart than sisters, as often curiously calls out. Having shelter and food, their inherited pinnacles sufficed narrowly for other needs. Aunt Luella would not hear of their working. Her niece, under her protection, must make their market in matrimony."

Through an open window came the whiff of a fine cigar; following it, the light air of one rising from a rather heavy chair. Joe started violently, whispering: "The Sultan must be here! How did it happen, all unknown to us?"

"Came by aeroplane, most likely," Leslie returned as cautiously. "But I'm wondering how long ago. Suppose—only suppose—he overheard!"

"Better death!" Joe whispered striking an attitude, but giggling too much to hold it. Cautiously the pair crept into the wide hall, up the stairs, down a corridor, and at last won a haven in their own special wing. A tiny window in it, almost obscured by a bush, gave them a view of the piazza.

Yes, there sat the Sultan, likewise John Melton. Mrs. Ware had told them of his coming. She had also intimated very plainly that he stood in need of a wife, and while not on the lookout for one, might be married. Also, and she would take it very ill as proof of rank ingratitude in the part of her dependents.

"Easy mind here. He looks too wooden for anything. If he heard, he didn't understand," Joe commented, putting down the glasses thru which he had surveyed him. Leslie caught him up eagerly. After her look she laughed saying: "I think he heard, I imagined we must be discussing new brand of religion. So let's wish some more."

"Not unless you promise you won't wish him on me," Joe said. Leslie snuffed her affectionately, saying primly: "No fear if anybody is sacrificed to him, behold in me the lamb for the marriage altar!"

"You wouldn't take him, really?" "I told them I had no thought of being a politician. I only wanted that anyone should know the absolute truth of the matter as long as they all know it at all."

The worst part of it all was with the children. Some one told Budge that he was not their real mother and that their father had killed their mother. "Little Margaret was with Budge and Toddy when the boy told this to me. There was a free-for-all fight a minute. The policeman who was so far away when it began, brought the children home."

"When I got there, Ma'ma, there was the little hell-cat on top of the pulpit his hair out by handfuls, and both your boys, Ma'am, were just to his hair off. I don't know what the boy said, but he's minus a bit of hair. The little gal is one of a fighter than her brothers."

"When I told him that to little I was Margaret Ann Laferty he roared with laughter. He said: 'To think she is the daughter of a Chief! Why, do you know, Ma'am, I'd have her run in if I had thought she belonged to you. Certainly is some fighter and she is from her father, and let me tell you, Ma'am, I'll bet she was in a right when she blackened that alien's eye, for I never knew her to hit a man unless he needed it. He hit good and plenty. I won't be the Chief, Ma'am, for he might hit the little gal and I don't want her to be killed. She is all right.' Why did you not help Margaret?"

"Why mother, she lighted on Sam, so quick I did not know she was going to do it," he answered. "And I'll do it again," said Margaret, "besides I'll have dad arrest him and send him to jail. Dad says you send anyone to jail who says you things when you didn't do 'em."

"And mother," said Toddy, "Sammy's father killed our real mother, so you took us."

Budge looked at me, Margie, mis-

FOR THE PALM BEACH SEASON



By BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK.—This delightful collection of white embroidered batiste is a glimpse of what feminine visitors to a Palm Beach will affect for their sunny afternoon strolls. The materials this season are to be simple—batiste, organdie, or embroidered voile being the present favorites—and probably foreshadowing the choice of fabrics for summer in northern states.

In this frock the embroidered design is confined to the bodice and the drop skirt.

The tunic lifted at one side is a new conceit and the rose-colored sash affords the single note of color.

Leslie nodded. "I would, at the drop of a hat, and might nearly drop it myself. The sin of it Fate would have to chalk up against Aunt Luella. My how she'd sizzle if she knew I said that. But, truly, she inviting us to sell ourselves in the highest moral fashion."

"I'd rather die a spinster—almost," Joe said plaintively. She had the piazza showed very near. Hence she saw clearly a dog, whining, frothing, whirling, dart round the angle of it and leap toward the unsuspecting sinner. One, twice, thrice the mad brute sprang, but Joe saw only the first leap. With Leslie at her heels she ran to the stranger's help. None too soon.

As they came upon him, he stood tense, jaws set, hands locked about the dog's throat, holding it away from him with the strength of a giant. "Get something—a blanket—thicker

RUSSIAN GOWN IS RICH WITH FUR

the better," he ordered over his shoulder at sound of footsteps. Leslie darted to fetch a heavy steamer rug. Joe hunted cord—clothes line strong and flexible. How she did it she never knew, but in some fashion a dangle of nooses of the cord caught over the snarling muzzle and was deftly drawn taut. Then a cast of the rope made the creature helpless. Gathering the folds of it tight, the stranger said huskily:

"Show me a safe place. The poor beast may not be really mad. Anyway he must live until we can be certain."

They led him to an empty chicken-run, one quite secure, with a roomy cover at the end and a leafy tree for shade just outside. The dog cowered on the turf of it, then darted out of sight. His captors looked one at the other, with something like thanksgiving: "Wish all women were as brave—and ready," Melton said, smiling at them. "Now, please, I'm very lonesome. Won't you let me in the game?"

"You listened!" Joe cried. Melton nodded. "Nothing else I could do," he said, almost plaintively. "You know the doctrine of necessity excuses almost anything."

"If only we had known," Leslie murmured. Melton laughed lazily. "I would heard no good for myself," she said. Joe began to pout. "You forget we've been very well brought up," she said. "We had always rather be polite than truthful."

"Thank you; I'll remember," he said taking her hand. Joe merrily put her other pretty hand over his big muscular one. But almost instantly she snatched them away with a shudder. He looked at her narrowly.

"I see! You don't forget the strangling," he said. "I feel like a murderer myself when I recall it. I should have had to kill him if you had not come to the rescue."

"So you pity even a mad dog—one supposed to be?" Leslie asked. He looked straight in her eyes as he answered. "I pity all madness; it seems to me there should be none. Freedom and happiness are its sure antidotes."

A fortnight later he asked Joe to marry him, and marvelled that she turned as white as death while she listened. When he waited her answer she turned from him walked the room length twice, then stopped dead, saying: "You've made a mistake. You don't want me—Leslie!"

"What of her?" Melton asked. Joe choked, but went on bravely. "Take her out of all this—the stagnation, the tyranny—you must have seen. She is almost mad from it. I want her to be happy. No matter about—about me."

"She shall be happy. We will not leave her here. But you must take me or that can't happen," Melton said gaily. "Joe looked away. 'She won't go,' she said."

"Ask her," Melton returned, smiling whimsically. And before Joe could speak there was Leslie right behind her, saying with happy tears:

"Dear girl, it is—all right!"

Unexplainable. The man who has studied physics can't explain one thing: Why does cold cash burn some pockets?—Athlon Globe.

Anderson's Bon Ton

Xmas Goods Now Ready

Ladies' Hats at 1/2 Price

Annis Furs Sets
Dolls, Sweaters
Pretty Waists, Silk and Cotton \$1 to \$6
A Fine Line of Linens
Plenty of Handkerchiefs
Ladies' and Children's Gloves
Ladies' and Children's Hose
Umbrellas, Pocket Books, Neck Wear

WARTIME MENUS

By BIDDY BVE.

Actually the building of a week's menus with meatless Tuesday and wheatless Wednesday and Wasteless Thursday is a fine piece of economic engineering! Ah! those long-vanished days of the telephone order! Pounds of this and pecks of that—and never a thought but—what would the family enjoy!

But now one takes a pencil, paper, and a long Sunday afternoon and lays out a food campaign like unto the strategic scheme of a battle, considering: 1—Balanced food values; 2—economy; 3—meat substitutes; 4—wheat substitutes; 5—conservation of fats and sugars 6 to 1,000—pleasing the family!

Just to aid the mental and financial struggles of the patriotic housewife we suggest the following menus:

Sunday.
Breakfast—Grape fruit, uncooked cereal with top milk, creamed chipped beef on toast, coffee.

Dinner—Stewed chicken with dumplings, creamed carrots and peas, sweet pickled beets, apple, celery and nut salad with mayonnaise, steamed graham pudding with maple syrup.

Supper—Minced chicken sandwiches, hot chocolate, gingerbread, canned peaches or pears.

Monday.
Breakfast—Stewed raisins and prunes, farina with top milk, muffins, honey, coffee.

Luncheon—Barley cream soup, toasted cheese sandwiches, head lettuce salad, cookies, tea.

Dinner—Flank steak stuffed with onions and green pepper, cauliflower, celery salad, chocolate blanc mange, sponge cakes.

Tuesday—(Meatless).
Breakfast—Sliced oranges, cooked and green pepper salad with French dressing, cup cakes, cocoa.

Dinner—Casserole of vegetables, corn muffins, spinach with vinegar and hard-boiled egg dressing, bunch raisins and nuts.

Wednesday—(Wheatless).
Breakfast—Stewed apricots, oatmeal with top milk, buckwheat cakes, corn syrup.

Luncheon—Creamed salmon, hot rice bread, sliced pineapple, oatmeal cookies, tea.

Dinner—Celery soup, beef heart with dressing, head lettuce and cucumber salad, sweet potato bread, baked apples with nuts.

Thursday.
Breakfast—Stewed pears, uncooked cereal with cream, omelet, toast, coffee.

Luncheon—Macaroni with cheese, water cress salad, fresh apple cake, tea.

Dinner—Boiled corned beef, potatoes, carrots, cabbage, lettuce and celery salad, graham muffins, sweet peach pickle, orange papaya.

Friday.
Breakfast—Sliced bananas, uncooked cereal with cream, sausage cakes, toast, coffee.

Luncheon—Baked rice and cheese,

Osgood's
for
Quality

An Ideal Gift Shop

Osgood's is an ideal gift shop for the reason that anything purchased here is of intrinsic value. Every article is made with the purpose of giving satisfaction to the wearer, and it is worth a great deal to you that a garment purchased for Christmas may be exchanged after January 1st.

Study This List

Furs .. \$10.00 to \$100	Scarf Sets \$1.50 to \$3
Coats \$12.50 to \$75	Sweaters, 3.50 to \$12.50
Suits \$15.00 to \$75.00	Gloves \$1.50 to \$3.50
Dresses \$7.50 to \$45.00	Hosiery 25c to \$2.00
Waists \$1.00 to \$10.00	Hdkfs. 25c to \$1.50
Skirts \$5.00 to \$19.75	Ribbons . 25c to \$1.00
Petticoats \$1 to \$6	
Millinery \$2.50 to \$10	

The woman, miss or girl will be delighted with any of these, and the remembrance of the giver will live long after the holidays.

lettuce sandwiches, jelly roll, tea.

Dinner—Large oil sardines broiled and served on toast, baked squash, cabbage salad, rice pudding with hard sauce.

Saturday.
Breakfast—Oranges, cooked cereal with top milk, biscuits with syrup, coffee.

Luncheon—Bean timbales, lettuce with figs and top milk, biscuits, honey, coffee.

Luncheon—Creamed cauliflower

and green peppers on toast, prunes stuffed with English walnuts, cream cheese.

Dinner—Tomato soup, fried liver and bacon with milk gravy, baked potatoes, escalloped parsnips, steamed date pudding.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

Elliene went on telling me as we sat in my pretty sun room how she had written to the newspapers about the old scandal, when Harry's political enemies had gotten hold of it.

"Harry's managers said my letter to the newspapers was the best document of the campaign. They said that they had not idea that a woman could write such a good politician."

"I told them I had no thought of being a politician. I only wanted that anyone should know the absolute truth of the matter as long as they all know it at all."

The worst part of it all was with the children. Some one told Budge that he was not their real mother and that their father had killed their mother. "Little Margaret was with Budge and Toddy when the boy told this to me. There was a free-for-all fight a minute. The policeman who was so far away when it began, brought the children home."

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erably expectant.

"That is not true, Toddy. I am your real mother according to law and according to love and your dear father never killed anyone. Some day when you are older I'll tell you all about it."

"I'll tell dad all about it now if anyone plagues you again, Budge," said little Margaret Ann, putting her arm around Budge and kissing him. Margie, it was beautiful to see how she mothered him."

Elliene is a true democrat. Little book; I believe that in her heart she hopes that Budge will grow up to marry little Margaret Ann. She certainly loves the little Irish girl almost as much as she does the twins.

And I think that Harry has the same ideas, for when Elliene and I got back to the room where the men were, they were laughing over the same incident that Elliene had told me.

Dick was still grouchy, however, and after Elliene and Harry had left he had nothing to say to me except: "I'm pretty tired, guess I'll turn in."

And with that he went into his room and shut the door most ostentatiously.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM, IT CAN'T BE DON E.)—BY ALLMAN.

